

## THE NAUVOO NEIGHBOR

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## THE RATTLE SNAKE HUNTER

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It was now stated that the person before me was none other than the famous Rattlesnake Hunter. He was known throughout the neighborhood as an outcast and a wanderer, obtaining a miserable subsistence from the casual charities of the people around him.

His time was mostly spent among the rocks and rude hills, where his only object seemed to be the hunting out and destroying the *Crotalus horridus*, or rattlesnake. I immediately determined to accompany him, and, accordingly, he took me to his country, which he called his "haunt," and I witnessed the remarkable performance of the stranger, and for the purpose approached him.

Are there many of these reptiles in the vicinity? I inquired, pointing to the crushed serpent.

"They are getting to be scarce," said he, "and I am finding it difficult to kill one now. I think he sloughed his tail, and he is now in the process of growing it again. I have known it take time when you could hardly stir six rods from your door to the tail of the 'stranger' without hearing the loud, quick rattles of his coils, or seeing their many colors of bold contrast in your path. But,"

scarce—the infernal race will be extinct in a few years—and thank God I have myself been a considerable cause of their extermination.

You must, of course, know the nature of these treasures perfectly well, said I. Do you believe in their power of fascination or charming?

The old man's countenance fell. There was visible a struggle of feeling within him: for his lip quivered, and he dashed his brown hand suddenly across his eyes, as if to coarsen the tear; but quickly recovering himself, he answered in the low, deep voice of one that was about to reveal some horrible secret—

I believe in the rallehannak's power of fascination as firmly as I believe in my own soul.

Surely, said I, you do not believe that they have power over human beings?—  
 "I do!"—knows it to be so and the old man trembled as he spoke: You are stronger to me than I and slowly, after struggling my feet, he rose and, after a few moments, he came down with me to the effluvia rock, in the shade there—and he pointed to a group of leaping oaks that hung over the cavity—I will tell you a strange and sad story of my own experience.

It may be supposed that I readily assented to this proposal. Hardly one more blow upon the rattlesnake; as to be merciful of his death; the old man descended the rocks with a rapidity that surprised me. He pointed to a place practised human. After reaching the place which he pointed out, the rattlesnake Hunter commenced his story in a manner which confirmed what I had previously heard of his education and intel-

I was among the earliest settlers in this part of the country. I had just finished my education at Harvard, when I was induced by the flattering representations of some of the earliest settlers into settling on the Connecticut river, to seek my fortune in the new settlement. My wife, —she old man's eye glinted an innocent, and then a tear crossed his brown cheek, —my wife accompanied me, and she was, to this wild and rude country. I shall never forgive myself for bringing her hither—beast. Young man, continued he, you look like one that could pity. I was not a man to pity, I was to lead me to the country. And unbound, so he spoke, a ribbon from his neck, with a small miniature attached to it. It was that of a beautiful female, but I never saw her again. I was a depression of color countenance, a softness—a pallor—gray, and a sweetness of smile, which have seldom seen in the features of those who have attained, even slightly, the bitter wisdom of old age. I was a man of a nature, as constituted, intensely, self-sufficing and the image of his early love. She must have been very beautiful, I said, or I returned the picture.

Beautiful he repeated, and my wife was the picture of his youth. I have a fearful story to tell, would to God I had not attempted it; but I will go on. —My heart has been stretched too often on the rack of memory to suffer any new

We resided in the new country nearly a year. Our settlements had increased rapidly, and the comforts and delicacies of life were beginning to prevail, after the weary privations and severe trials to which we had been subjected. But the Indians were few and feeble, and did not molest us. The beasts of the forest and manquins were ferocious, but we suffered little from them. The only immediate danger to which we were exposed resulted from the rattlesnakes which infested our neighborhood. These reptiles, however, were killed by the Indians, and died in terrible agony. The Indians often told us frightful stories of the snake, and its powers of fascination, and its venomous bite. One day, however, I myself, I confess, was rather amused than terrified by their marvellous legends.

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But I have had my revenge. From that very moment I have felt myself situated and set apart, by the terrible oracles of fiction, to rid the place of my abode of its foulest curse. And I have well-nigh succeeded. The fascinating demons are already few and powerless. No more, somewhat equivocal expression of his countenance, that I consider these creatures as serpents only—creeping reptiles—they are serpents of the fallen angel—the immediate ministers of the infernal self.

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Years have passed since my interview with the Rattlesnake Hunter; the place of his abode has changed—a beautiful village rises near the spot of our conference, and the grass of the church-yard is green over the grave of the old hunter. But his story is fixed in my mind, as time like enamel, only burns deeper its first impression. It comes up before me like a vividly remembered dream, whose features are too horrible for reality.

## CONGRESS OF ETHNOLOGICAL SOCIETY

(Concluded.)

Some additional information regarding the ethnology of the Arctic region of America has been added to our previous stock, by Messrs DeLano and Simpson, their late exploration of the northern shores of this continent. It will be recalled that Captains Deady and Franklin had not been able to write their discoveries and complete the survey of the shores of the Arctic Sea. The Hudson

Bay Company, during the years 1836—1839; undertook it, and were successful in accomplishing the task. In addition to the geographical information collected by them, we find the following views, in their journal, of the native races of North America:

The Esquimaux inhabiting all the Arctic shores of America have doubtless originally spread from Greenland, which is their birthplace, and thence to their neighbors, the Eschimaux of Mackenzie's river, have a clear tradition that their ancestors migrated from the westward, and crossed an arm of the sea. The language of the latter is entirely different from that of the former, and the line between the two races of the northward is a line drawn from Churchill, or Hudson's Bay, across the Rocky Mountains to New Caladonia. These comprehend among the Chipewians, the Copper Indians, the Eschimaux of the Mackenzie, the Eschimaux of the River, and Great Bear Lake, with several other tribes of the mountains, all speak dialects of the same original tongue. Next to them are named the Crees speaking Innuits, and the Eschimaux of the Mackenzie, who are the great section of the continent, ascending from the Inner Slave Lake, thro' the woody country on the north of the Saskatchewan river, by Lake Winnipeg, to Fort York, and from thence round the coast of Hudson's Bay to the South of the 80th parallel, the circles of affinity contract. The Loonchou dialect from a variety other tribe of Red Indians, by their blood, upon, and perfectly frank demeanor. They are as free as savages can be from the influence of the white man, and have never yet had the blood of white men. The Esquimaux speak our language, and are the stoutest race hitherto described. Among those met with on the Esquimaux shores, there were many who were Esquimaux as much superior in the individual intelligence, provident habits, and mechanical skill.

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We could extend this subject much farther by speaking of nations and tribes in other parts of the globe, but this time will not permit. What the scene is positions to which we have alluded will have returned, a vast store of information may be expected.

To promote the advancement of Education in the Republic of America have been formed a Society, London, and New York in this city a party has been in existence a year. It holds semi-monthly meetings, at which original papers are read, and subjects brought forward for discussion. During the coming winter they expect to publish the first volume of their transactions. Those in London

and Paris are of recent formation, and have not yet issued a volume of transactions. They embrace a large number of discerned men, and it is to be hoped that such an union may be the means of collecting together much that is valuable and important relating to the history of man.

On motion of Gen. Watmore, the thanks of the society were presented to Mr. Bartlett for his interesting and learned communication, and a copy was requested for publication.

Mr. Gallatin made some remarks in reference to the subject of Ethnography, and the forthcoming work of the Poultas, of Wm. B. Hodgson, Esq., of whose labors and great accomplishments as a linguist he spoke in terms of high eulogium. The society then adjourned.

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THE CITY OF MOSCOW THE

THE CITY OF MOSCOW—THE  
RUSSIAN CAMPAIGN, &c.

Moscow, July, 1843.  
 I welcome to Moscow. A few bad  
 days have not dimmed the brightness of  
 the rays which have made the terrible trial  
 an uninterupted travel over spring roads  
 for four nights and these days. My bones  
 ache and my eyes smart; it is true, but my  
 heart is glad and my soul is free. The  
 Moscow again makes pain a pleasure. During  
 my sleepless nights in common with  
 my fellow travellers I have repeated the  
 resolution which made me leave as easily  
 as I came. I have been so happy during  
 your journey has seemed but half to repay  
 my trouble. But come let Moscow, few  
 travellers will regret the embarrassment  
 of getting here, whether they be of that  
 former, never present a legibly ac-  
 counted empty boxes, and the latter be  
 so fully paid upon your body. What re-  
 ceives the most of the world, the  
 the Czar, and who so to the wonderous  
 there would not endure the joys and the  
 smiling hand of the latest journey. It  
 needed not Napoleon's friend I will to-  
 day, I have seen the world, I have  
 I wanted only an event like a to make  
 Moscow familiar to all loode and interest-  
 ing to every people. I at down to visit  
 from a ride to the distant hill which  
 they are called—the heights from whence  
 the Czar, the Emperor, the Emperor  
 through the plain of Lithuania, first  
 discovered, and in the flames of their  
 hearts cried aloud, "Moscow, Moscow!"  
 High were the hopes and bright the anti-  
 cipations of the future. The heart of the  
 they joyful, and a long jubilee had  
 been performed from the founders to the  
 heart of the Empire. The heart of the  
 soldiers had not been made glad by the  
 Emperor, the Emperor, the Emperor  
 Empire they were seeking, and Nature  
 always so bountiful and so beautiful, had  
 given promise of a glorious summer to  
 which the promise had a winter's sorrow  
 to the Emperor, the Emperor, the Emperor  
 the sensations of Napoleon, as he  
 began the advice of some of his generals

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By the invisible Emperor, even on the great day of the Kremlin. The Shrine and Priest were embedded in the person of the Emperor, and the Emperor was the Priest, as described in the promise of Napoleon in the eyes of the Russian worshippers of the Shrine. It became sanctified with all that followed the fortunes of the master of the world, and the Shrine was the shrine of the age. As the sun appears most brilliant in the eyes of the Emperor, so Napoleon, for just the one twilight of his existence, seemed to be at the very centre of his grandeur. His stood there no more proof to stand before, and from almost the instant point of his greatest greatness, he fell into the hands of the great Emperor of the East. Here was the beginning of the end, and a new destiny awaited Napoleon. Moscow was in flames, and the sea and yellow leaf of autumn is upon the ground. The Russian capital, bereft of its Russian capital, and not a single old life and picture of the life of the Emperor. The Emperor of the East.

There is a time staring an army in the

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The court being opened and the affidavits





1900 TAYLOR & WOODRUP  
Nnuwo, May 3, 1843, no. 1